

the man in the mirror |||||

Change, part I

Life caught in photography – black and white;
Innocent smiles, big bright eyes, fat cheeks.

Life was a simple cycle of days, weeks and years;
Rice was served, church clothes were ironed, Christmas came once a year;
Oh, how it took an eternity before Christmas could be greeted!

Life was a simple chain of ideas; brothers and sisters lived in peace;
A man and a woman lived together until he died;
Fathers bought tins of powdered milk for their children;
Everybody got married at a young age.

Emotionally happy, about everything;
So much time and energy to bask in happiness;
The milk is warm and comforting; beautiful hymns and nice clothes;
The home humble and clean;
Christmas, the tree, the choruses, the bells; life was just wonderful!

But then change set in;
Sometimes happy, sometimes sad;
What, did she really leave him for another? But I thought that.....
So her father never gave milk? But I thought that
Pain, confrontational pain, reality pain, growing pains;
How can I deal with this new reality?
Unnoticingly the world in which I once moved had slipped away, vanished
–forever.

Luciano Milliard
Saint Eustatius, July 2005

